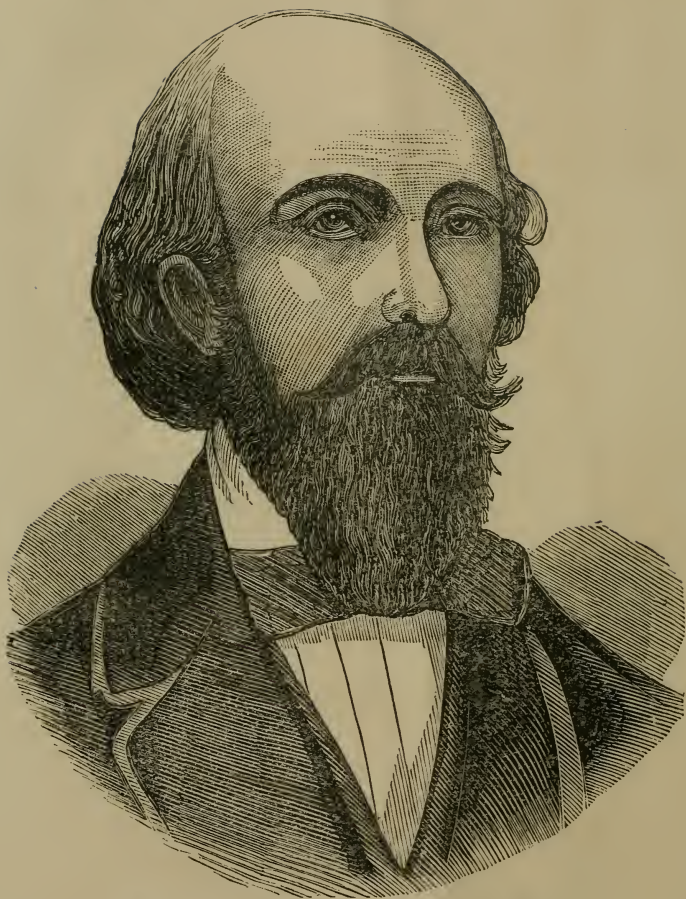


PR 1195

.I7 F4







JAMES STEPHENS, THE FENIAN CHIEF.

FENIAN

ERIN SHALL BE FREE

SONGSTER



LET IRISHMEN SING THEIR NATIONAL HYMNS.

PHILADELPHIA

PUBLISHED BY BARCLAY & Co.
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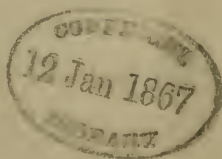
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THE FENIAN SONGSTER.

ERIN AND LIBERTY FOREVER.

AIR—*"The Battle Cry of Freedom"*

We are rallying, Irish brothers,
And rallying to your aid,
Erin and Liberty forever !
Hear our watchword as we gird
On each battle tempered blade,
Erin and Liberty forever !

Chorus—Away with the Lion, and fling out the Green,
We'll fear no tyrant, and we want no Queen ;
Bare your swords to meet the foe, lads,
Our watchwords as you know,
Erin and Liberty forever !

Oh ! too many years has Ireland
Been suffering under wrong,
Erin and Liberty forever !
She has walked through tribulations,
And through bitter sorrows long,
Erin and Liberty forever !

Chorus—Away with the Lion, etc., etc.

By the memory of our dead,
By the memory of our braves,
Erin and Liberty forever !
We will break our English chains,
Or find our Irish graves,
Erin and Liberty forever !

Chorus—Away with the Lion, etc., etc.

Oh ! when the fight is ended,
 And our Freedom we have won,
 Erin and Liberty forever !

How bright will shine the beams
 Of old Ireland's fair sun,
 Erin and Liberty forever !

Chorus—Away with the Lion, etc., etc.

What a glorious nation we
 In our pride and strength shall be,
 Erin and Liberty forever !

When the shamrock o'er the world
 Proves an emblem of the Free,
 Erin and Liberty forever !

Chorus—Away with the Lion, etc., etc.

Then brothers strike for Ireland,
 And strike with might and main,
 Erin and Liberty forever !

Break the shackles that have bound you,
 And be freemen once again,
 Erin and Liberty forever !

Chorus—Away with the Lion, etc., etc.

For the day is dawning now,
 On our own Emerald Isle,
 Erin and Liberty forever !

Go to battle for the right,
 And heaven will on you smile,
 Erin and Liberty forever !

Chorus—Away with the Lion, etc., etc.



IRISH RALLY SONG.

AIR—"Bobbing Around."

Come, Irishmen, from hill and vale,
 Gather round—gather round !
 Oppression's star is growing pale,
 Put it out, it out !

Raise the flag of immortal green,
 Raise it high—raise it high !
For years poor Erin's bondage been,
 Freedom now, oh, now !

No longer to stern England's rule,
 We will yield—we will yield !
We have been an unwilling tool,
 Now we rise, we rise !
Rise to battle for our rights,
 Long denied—long denied !
Heaven bless each who for us fights,
 Heaven above, above !

Think of years of cruel woe,
 Bondage dark—bondage dark !
Many a mother's tears to flow,
 Oppression's made, has made !
But we never will despair,
 Never will—never will !
Till shouts of freedom fills the air,
 Erin free, oh, free !

Rally then in numbers strong,
 Irishmen—Irishmen !
Bear the battle tide along,
 Have no fear, no fear !
God will help the struggling right,
 Trust in him—trust in him !
Soon old Ireland will see the light,
 She'll be free, be free !

Wave your banners in the breeze,
 Fearlessly—fearlessly !
Deck with flags the emerald trees,
 Ever green—oh, green !
Pause not till our land is free,
 Erin free—Erin free !
Death for us, or Liberty,
 Ireland free, oh, free !

HURRAH FOR OLD ERIN.

AIR—"Red, White, and Blue."

Oh, the clouds that have ever been hovering
 Over Ireland green shores far away,
 Are soon to be parted asunder,
 By the flash of freedom's bright ray.
 For each patriot heart is now beating,
 With a love for dear Erin's green Isle,
 And the war notes of freedom are sounding,
 And the bayonets glisten the while.

Chorus—Hurrah, for the green Isle of Erin !
 Hurrah, for the green Isle of Erin !
 Oh ! Freedom and Liberty ever,
 Hurrah, for the green Isle of Erin !

Brave hearts are now waiting the struggle,
 While strong arms are eager to fight,
 That oppression and tyranny never
 May hereafter darken the bright light.
 Then on, my brave comrades, oh, never
 Let danger or trials dismay,
 For Erin there surely is dawning
 A glorious freedom to-day.

Chorus—Hurrah, for the green, etc., etc.

Oh ! think of our mothers and daughters,
 Our wives and our sisters so fair ;
 Think of the cruel oppression,
 That is binding our friends over there.
 Think of the chains of dark bondage,
 And the years that are gone with the past,
 And then think of the glorious future,
 When Erin shall be free at the last.

Chorus—Hurrah, for the green, etc., etc.

Oh ! raise high the flag of old Erin,
 And shout for the freedom we love,
 We are working for honor and justice,
 Our trust is in Heaven above.

Then on for the right and for freedom,
And we'll pause not till victory is ours;
When old Erin is free from her shackles,
Our glorious work will be done.

Chorus—Hurrah, for the green, etc., etc

IRISH SONG.

AIR—"The Fair of Clayhun."

Ould Ireland's the land of the brave,
The land of the shamrock so green,
Where the laddies are hale and so hearty,
And the boys are ne'er up to the mean.
The land of true wit, oh, be jabers,
Of fun and of frolic so frisky,
Of 'taters, and pigs, and, och! murther,
Where all love a drop of good whiskey.

Chorus—Ould Ireland's the land of the brave,
The honest, the tried, and the true,
And its Irish boys fought to the death,
In the land of the red, white, and blue.

And its many a brave Irish boy,
That has crossed the ocean so blue,
And come to Ameriky to find
A home where there's freedom so true.
But och! murther, be jabers, and honey,
I tell ye they'll go back agin,
For to stay here in idleness now,
Would be a dark shame and a sin.

Chorus—Ould Ireland's, etc., etc.

For ould Ireland's bound to be free,
To rise in her might and her strength,
And Paddy's the boy that will fight,
It's good for his figure and health.

We'll fight for ould Ireland, the land
 Where father and mother were born,
 The land that has been so oppressed,
 And kept under by Johnny Bull's horn.

Chorus—Ould Ireland's, etc., etc.

Just give him shillaly gun,
 Or a shovel, or pistol, or stick ;
 And Paddy'll pitch in like a son
 Of a regular Irish built brick.
 Then, hurrah, for ould Ireland, boys,
 And the day when she will be free ;
 Hurrah, for Paddy and pluck,
 And then you may shout it for me.

Chorus—Ould Ireland's, etc., etc.



PAT. MALLOY'S RETURN TO IRELAND.

AIR—"The Captain with the Whiskers."

When landed safe in Dublin town, I met a castle-hack,
 The boots upon my feet he eyed, and the clothes upon my
 back ;

He says : You're from America, you look so neat and trim,
 Just let me see your letters, sir—I handed one to him ;

He says : It's from O'Mahony. And, says I, you funny elf,
 It's a letter for my own sweet Moll, I'm taking home my-
 self ;

He says : You are a Fenian. Says I : You're right, old
 boy,

For ould Ireland is my country, and my name is Pat.
 Malloy.

He had me then examined, and he says : My nice young
 man,

What brought you home to Ireland? Was it the Fenian
 plan ?

The ship, it brought me home, says I, and Fenians all
 agree,

That from sweet Athlone to Blarney Stone, ould Ireland
 shall be free ;

But was it not for Molly's eyes that's sticking in my heart,
An' me mother an' the childer, too, oh, sure they had their
part!

I'll take them to America, and then look out, my boy,
For ould Ireland is my country, and my name is Pat.
Malloy.

But when I met my Molly, dear, she kissed me o'er and o'er,
She could not laugh for crying, as I gave her goold galore;
It's your own, my dearest Molly, for I knew you would
prove true,

Every pound I sent my mother, I put by two for you;
And now you have the shiners, Moll, and will you take my-
self?

She blushed and whispered: Yes, dear Pat, I'm yours, but
not for pelf;

We got my mother's blessing, and it filled my heart with
joy,

For ould Ireland is my country, and my name is Pat.
Malloy.

Early the next morning, sure, we went to Father Boyce:
That *rib*, says he, wid a wink at me, it is a purty choice;
And mighty strong it is, says I; my heart, sure, knows it
best,

Three years or more, with thrumps galore, she made it
thrash my breast.

These eyes are mighty killing, sir, but now they are my own,
For four long years, when far from home, they made me
cry: och, hone!

And now I ask your blessing, sir, for to complete my joy,
For ould Ireland is my country, and my name is Pat.
Malloy.

Now my mother's in her rocking chair, her childer pay the
rint,

In New York, relieved from work, each happy hour is spent,
And free from every toil and care, her heart is light and
free,

She sings a good old Irish song, with young Pat. on her
knee;

And Molly, lovely Molly, sure, he is her heart's delight,
She sings, and talks, and plays with him both morning,
noon and night,

And says: He's his daddy's picture, and she calls him her
darling boy,

For he was born in ould Ireland, and his name it is Malloy.

UP FOR THE GREEN.

[A SONG OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN, 1796.]

AIR—"Wearing of the Green."

'Tis the green—oh ! the green is the color of the true,
And we'll back it 'gainst the orange, and we'll raise it o'er
the blue !

For the color of old Ireland alone should here be seen—
'Tis the color of the martyr'd dead—our own immortal
green.

Then up for the green, boys, and up for the green !

Oh ! 'tis down to the dust, and a shame to be seen ;

But we've hands—oh ! we've hands, boys, full strong
enough, I ween,

To rescue and to raise again our own immortal green !

They may say they have power 'tis vain to oppose—

'Tis better to obey and live, than surely die as foes ;

But we scorn all their threats, boys, whatever they may
mean ;

For we trust in God above us, and we dearly love the green.

So, we'll up for the green, and we'll up for the green !

Oh ! to *die* is far better than be curst as we have been ;

And we've hearts—oh ! we've hearts, boys, full true
enough, I ween,

To rescue and to raise again our own immortal green !

They may swear, as they often did, our wretchedness to
cure ;

But we'll never trust John Bull again, nor let his lies allure.

No, we wont—no, we wont, Bull, for now nor evermore ;

For we've hopes on the ocean, and we've trust on the shore.

Then up for the green, boys, and up for the green !

Shout it back to the Sassanach, "We'll *never* sell the
green !"

For our TONE is coming back, and with men enough, I
ween,

To rescue and avenge us and our own immortal green.

Oh, remember the days when their reign we did disturb,

At Limerick and Thurles, Blackwater and Benburb ;

And ask this proud Saxon if our blows he did enjoy,

When we met him on the battle-field of France—at Fonte-
noy.

Then we'll up for the green, boys, and up for the green !
Oh, 'tis still in the dust, and a shame to be seen ;
But we've hearts and we've hands, boys, full strong
enough, I ween,
To rescue and to raise again our own unsullied green !

IN ERIN SO CHARMING.

In Erin so charming, each fine summer morning,
I heard the lark's warning sound sweet in my ear ;
Whose shrill note when sounded re-echoed and bounded,
O'er mountains and valleys and rivulets clear.
Her peasantry hear it, and willingly cheer it,
Although unprotected from winter so keen ;
Both day and night toiling, to see freedom smiling,
In that lovely island, called Erin the Green.

I gazed on the beautiful works of creation,
That still do adorn that sea-beaten shore ;
And my bosom is filled with the fond expectation,
I'll see her reviving as she did before.
Our fathers before us, defended with glory,
The homes of their childhood from strangers, I ween ;
Then it should be no wonder if we burst assunder
The chains that are binding old Erin the Green.

I saw meadows rolling, like waves in the ocean,
I scented the hawthorn's delicious perfume,
I saw the lambs playing, and carelessly straying,
I heard the mules braying, and in May and in June
I heard the loud thunder fill thousands with wonder,
The quick streaming flash of the lightning between
The tempest appalling, at night I saw falling,
All this I have witnessed, in Erin the Green.

My thirst I allayed at a sweet crystal fountain,
That gushed from the foot of a mountain so high ;
And oft have I slept on that heath covered mountain,
And my blanket alone, was a mackerel sky.
On moss thus reposing, fresh visions of glory,
In brightness before me, enlivened the scene,
Of peasantry moving, with ardor improving,
Each moment for freedom in Erin the Green.

I stood on the beach, and I gazed on the ocean,
 Where ships in full motion ride free o'er the wave;
 But, alas! I awoke from my trance with emotion,
 To find that my country alone was a slave.
 I thought on the feats of those chieftains departed,
 Who foremost in danger were frequently seen
 In front of the ranks, while their sabres imparted
 A lesson of freedom to Erin the Green.

Oh! thousands have panted, with courage undaunted,
 To follow such leading defenders along,
 To battle where harpers and bards have both chanted,
 And echoed the chorus of liberty song.
 Let us imitate both the actions and glory
 Of those who defended, with weapons most keen,
 The ivy clad bowers and sweet scented flowers
 And the lofty round towers of Erin the Green!



YOU IRISHMEN FAITHFUL AND TRUE.

You Irishmen, faithful and true,
 'Tis time to resist the dictation
 That comes from a renegade crew,
 The tools of the tyrants in station.
 If longer to them we submit,
 Our cause will be blasted forever,
 So now in your judgment and wit,
 Prepare for each traitor a tether,
 That he may no longer betray.

You Irishmen, Erin doth trust
 That we will soon make her a nation;
 Her peasantry can't get a crust
 To keep them alive from starvation.
 Then let us make good the old song,
 A patriot never will falter,
 He seldom does any thing wrong,
 But knaves should be strung by the halter,
 In honor of all their misdeeds.

You Irishmen, faithful and just,
 How long will we bow to dictators?
 A ukase commands that we must
 Submit to the will of the traitors.

But if we are men, we'll expel
The crew that are ready to barter,
In other words, Erin they'd sell
To be knights of the star or the garter.
But neckties of hemp they should wear.

All Irishmen know very well,
The tyrants have famine created ;
The news would be joyful to tell,
If thousands of them were translated.
We then could live happy and free,
And have the good will of our neighbor,
So now, just between you and me,
Together, we all should endeavor
To drive all the tyrants away.

No longer we'll bow to the pranks
Of self-constituted dictators ;
If spies we detect in our ranks,
We'll raddle and brand them as traitors.
And then they'll skedaddle from cold,
And go to a region much warmer,
Where all their relations, I'm told,
Will shout out, " You're welcome, informer,
To share the blood money with us."

Then farmers convert the ploughshare
Into a strong pike or a sabre,
And working men should everywhere
Resign for a season hard labor.
Through country, and city, and town,
The watchword forever be Erin,
While tools of a tottering crown,
Will surely go mad with hard swearin',
Or else will commit suicide.

OLD ERIN'S PROMISED HOUR.

Up, Irishmen, now is the time
To act with sound judgment and reason ;
Neglect of the same, is a crime,
And we should be punished for treason.

The world's already our judge,
Our jury is public opinion,
Our aid then we never should grudge,
To break down the tyrant's dominion.
Whose plans are concocted in hell.

Away with the coward and knave,
The patriot never refuses
To march in the ranks of the brave ;
But onward with glory he chooses
The path his forefathers have trod,
To stop the marauding invader ;
But we have permitted that sod
To be what the tyrants have made her,
The victim of famine and plague.

There is Luby, O'Leary, and Moore,
In whom we can place our reliance ;
No patriots ever more pure
To tyrants have bid their defiance.
That trio, so proud in the dock,
Declared they could never determine
To sell the old creed of their flock,
To any paid tyrants in ermine.
Oh, had we ten thousand like them !

What Irishmen now will not feel,
That each of the three is his brother ?
Or, who will refuse the appeal,
That comes from old Erin our mother ?
She says : " I am suffering still,
And kept down by thieving oppressors ;
Then come with your power and will,
And banish the tyrant transgressors
That drove my poor children away."

You hear what our mother does say,
Her faith in us all she reposes,
Then we, without further delay,
Will take the advice she proposes.
Away ! let us go, and we'll drive
From Erin the Saxon and Hessians,
And then she will flourish and thrive,
Being freed from the tyrant's oppression,
Of kings and their despotic tools.

Then tyrants upon us will frown,
 And envy our proud elevation ;
 Their sun in the west will go down,
 And so will their extermination.
 Though times then no longer will boast,
 They are gone with a vengeance forever,
 For Irishmen all round the coast,
 The chains of old Erin will sever,
 And then she'll be happy and free.

ON A FAIR NOVEMBER MORNING.

On a fair November morning, just before the break of day,
 Although he gave no warning, Stephens kept the dogs at bay.

He said : " You beagles, hounds, and curs, in vain you try
 to hunt me down,

And you huntsmen, too, lay by your spurs, and travel back to town.

You constituted terriers, you now may yelp and bark awhile,
 As my stout-hearted ferrymen row my boat from Erin's Isle ;
 And though I left you mourning o'er the stakes we both
 put down,

You will see me soon returning to sweep away your tottering crown.

You thimble rigging gamblers, could you think I was a fool,
 To stop within your shambles to be a victim of your rule ?
 If so, you are mistaken ; so publish it in every town,
 To flight he now has taken, the terror of your tottering crown.

It is idle to be nursing the hope that you will cease to mourn ;

It is vain to utter cursing, but you will dread the day I return ;

And when, where, and how I land, you will not know I'll bet a crown,

But with a gallant, faithful band, your tottering throne I'll tumble down.

The wages you are earning, the same I do intend to pay ;
 The lesson you are learning, I will reward some future day ;
 The sermon you are preaching, it may delude a country
 clown,
 While the doctrine I'm teaching, will overturn your totter-
 ing crown.

Irishmen ! although we've parted, 'twill only be a little
 while,
 The gallant and true hearted, I'll bring with me to Erin's
 Isle ;
 Then woe to the informers, and all that shall upon me
 frown,
 And all the props and corners of old England's bloody crown.

AH ! WHO WILL SEIZE.

A FENIAN SONG.

Ah ! who will seize, with ardent zeal,
 The silent pen of sweet Tom Moore ?
 Or who in Erin's cause will feel,
 A heart to beat so warm and pure ?
 Oh, yes, they'll come at our watchword,
 A host of brave and stalwart men,
 To bear the rifle, pike, and sword,
 While others wield the mighty pen.

Too long we have submitted to
 The scourge of Britain's iron rules,
 But soon we'll prove to public view
 We'll not submit to be her tools.
 Though knaves may sneer and cowards whine,
 The debt we owe we're sure to pay,
 As Irishmen but bide their time
 To drive the tyrant foe away.

Again, my lads, do not forget
 There is a little interest, too,
 Which, added to the public debt,
 We'll pay the despot's so long due.
 We wont deduct, for freedom's sake,
 One item of the standing bill
 But pay the whole without mistake,
 From broken bridge, from hedge and hill.

So he who says he wishes well
To Erin, his dear fatherland,
Should now at least let others tell
He volunteered with heart and hand.
Then weeping Erin will rejoice,
And rend the welkin with her cheers,
To see the Sunburst made the choice
Of her true sons the volunteers.

Too long has England proudly stood,
Triumphant in her bloody crimes ;
But soon the Fenian Brotherhood
Will teach the lying London *Times*
A lesson that he wont forget,
Which as he reads, he'll puff and pout,
And swear they've come to pay the debt,
And the British troops to rout.

The famine years that we have seen,
The same we never shall forget ;
At Ballinrobe and Skibbereen,
Our people are unburied yet.
Then he who is content to live
With this deserves the Russian knout,
Because one cent he will not give,
To put the tyrants to the rout.

But now, thank God ! we have enough
Of faithful, gallant Irishmen,
Just like the oak or ash so tough,
Though often bent can spring again.
And strike the lion in his lair,
Though screened behind a strong redoubt ;
Then up and every bosom bare,
To help to put him to the rout.

Now spread thee well, my country's cause,
The Sunburst in the front appears,
To foster wholesome Irish laws,
Protected by the volunteers.
And from the lovely Shannon's side,
Down to the lee, without a doubt,
The Fenian host, with Irish pride,
Will put the tyrants to the rout.

A PERSECUTED MAN AM I.

Oh ! a persecuted man am I,
And have more than one brother ;
I hope each one will with me try,
And all love one another
For Erin's sake, and drive away
Each despot tyrant grinder,
That as all travellers pass that way,
A nation they may find her.

In that sweet spot we all have seen,
The blooming soft brown heather,
And shamrocks decked in robes of green,
Triumphant in all weather.
And here I say, we speak it plain,
We'll burst the chains that bind her ;
That jolly tars who plough the main,
A nation soon may find her.

From Cork's wide shore to Donegal,
From Killybegs to Kerry,
And where the meeting waters fall,
We'll drink champagne and sherry.
Then Erin she so proud will be,
Will cast one glance behind her,
On fragments of the tyrant's chain,
That can no longer bind her.

Yet some may ask, how can this task
Be carried out in Erin ?
My answer is, though some may quiz,
Each one should be preparin'
To strike the beast one blow at least,
And every tyrant grinder,
Like Captain Rock at Carrick Shock,
A nation then we'll find her.

To me it seems, both Kings and Queens
Are in the league of plunder,
But Irishmen will answer them
With cannon loud as thunder.
And here's my plan, let every man
Take down at least one grinder,
While I propose, to friends and foes,
Old Harry take the hinder.

COME LET US ALL UNITED BE.

Come let us all united be,
Our sympathy be sharin',
With all who wish one more to see,
Content in hapless Erin.
And while with them we sympathize,
Their sufferings do remind us,
To take the tyrants by surprise,
And leave our mark behind us.

No longer let us boast of those
Great ancestors of glory,
But imitate them and strike foes,
Base whig and rampant tory.
Which if we do in public view,
The tyrants soon will find us,
Upon the sod that's blessed by God,
And leave our mark behind us.

Our flag unfurled will show the world,
In it there's a strong meaning,
And Erin, dear, may dry the tear
That too long has been streaming.
We will not swear, but do declare,
The tyrants soon shall find us
In freedom's ranks, on Barron's banks
And leave our mark behind us.

For Erin's sake, let each one take
A rifle, pike, or sabre,
Or give his mite to those that fight
To conquer the invader.
Which if we do, 'tis plain to view,
No galling chains can bind us,
In Erin, where, I do declare,
We'll leave our mark behind us.

And then we'll see, caressed she'll be,
The kingdoms will endeavor
By artful wiles to win her smiles,
If only as a favor.
But the Sunburst will be the first
Whose brilliant beams remind us,
Still true to stand with sword in hand,
And leave our mark behind us.

THE FENIAN SECRET.

A secret, now, so secret that
The world at large knows what we're at ;
A secret, public, clear, and plain,
Which is to break old Erin's chain.

This secret, now, so great and grand,
Will teach us how, and were to land ;
And what to do I will explain,
It is to break old Erin's chain.

This secret yet has secrets still,
To exercise the power and will,
Which gallant men do still maintain,
Will break in two old Erin's chain.

Now if this secret you would keep
So secret that you fain would sleep
Secure from famine, plague, and pain,
You'll join to break old Erin's chain.

From Dingle down to Donegal
Revenge ! the watchword of us all ;
And though the tyrants writhe in pain,
We'll break in two old Erin's chain.



WEARING OF THE GREEN.

Oh ! Paddy, dear, and did you hear the news that's going
round ?

The Shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground.
No more St. Patrick's day we'll keep, the color can't be
seen,

For there's a bloody law against the Wearing of the Green.
I met with Nappy Tander, and he took me by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor ould Ireland, and how does she
stand ?"

She's the most distressful country that ever you have seen ;
They're hanging men and women there for Wearing of the
Green.

Then, since the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they
have shed.

You may take the Shamrock from your hat, and cast it on
the sod,

It will take root and flourish there, though under foot it's
trod.

When the law can keep the blades of grass from growing as
they grow,

And when the leaves in summer time their verdure dare
not show,

Then I will change the color I wear in my caubeen ;
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to Wearing of the
Green !

But if at last the color should be torn from Ireland's heart,
Her sons with shame and sorrow from the dear old soil will
part.

I've heard whispers of a country that lies beyond the sea,
Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's
day.

Oh ! Erin, must we leave you, driven by the tyrant's hand ?
Must we ask a mother's welcome from a strange but hap-
pier land ?

Where the cruel cross of England's thralldom never shall be
seen,

And where, thank God, we'll live and die, still Wearing
of the Green !

[Music of this Song published by Dodworth, No. 6 Astor Place, New York.]



OH ! ERIN, REJOICE.

Oh ! Erin, rejoice in the hope now before thee,
The gloom of thy long night of bondage is o'er ;
The bright sun of freedom in glory beams o'er thee,
And touches thy landscapes with beauty once more.
The light which it casts dazzles all with its splendor,
Thy valleys and mountains all bask in its ray,
Again 'neath its beams all thy objects look tender,
As they did in the time which has long passed away.

Oh ! Erin, rejoice, let thy sons cease their weeping,
 And live for the future, forgetting their pain.
 Thy sun is now rising, thy great are but sleeping,
 An Emmett and Grattan will rise up again.
 Rejoice, for the tyrant who long has ruled o'er thee,
 Has broken his chains at his captive's command,
 And the banner 'neath which all thy chiefs rushed to glory,
 Shall forever triumphantly wave o'er thy land.

Oh ! Erin, rejoice, for thy day is just breaking,
 Thy long night of bondage forever is o'er ;
 No more shall thy people, thy fair land forsaking,
 Seek justice and peace on a far distant shore.
 O'er the graves of thy champions in beauty forever,
 The shamrock shall bloom, and all nations shall see,
 That despite all the efforts of tyrants to sever,
 Thy sons shall unite and forever be free.



THE GEM OF THE SEA.

AIR—"Anacreon in Heaven," or "Indian Hunter."

'Tis a sweet little island, the "Gem of the Sea,"
 Whose daughters are fair as the fairest can be ;
 Her sons are the bravest, past history will show,
 Though now they are humbled in mis'ry and woe.

Look upward, oh ! Erin, thy shackles shall fall,
 Thy bold-hearted sons will respond to the call.
 When freedom invites they will spring to their feet,
 All eager the hordes of their tyrant to meet.

The day is approaching, the hour is nigh,
 The sons of old Ireland will sound the war cry.
 Base England shall tremble, too late she will see,
 The wrongs she inflicted, when Ireland is free.

Oh ! God speed the hour when right shall prevail,
 When oppression no longer our cheeks shall turn pale.
 When the "Sunburst of freedom" forever shall be,
 The light that encircles the "Gem of the Sea "

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

At ten in the mornin' me mistress excused me—
In washing the dishes I broke ivery one ;
But standin' forninst me wee bit of mirror,
I combed out my ringlets for Tirince McGunn.

Swate Tirince, me darlint, he lived in Tipp'rary,
At Carrick-on-Suir our existence begun ;
We crossed the deep say in the pit av the steerage,
And there I made troth wid me Tirince McGunn.

He was a bold milkman until the beginnin'
Av war he wint off wid the Troop Cocoran ;
And I was chafe cook in a boarding-house kitchen,
A-kaping me beauty for Tirince McGunn.

Oh, holy Saint Patrick, I tank thee for laving,
Wan day of the year whin the breath of the sun,
May light on our faces, so weary wid slavin',
And show us in uniform Tirince McGunn.

Bedad ! how I tied on my beautiful bonnet,
And darned me white stockings wid garters upon,
Me chake clane av soot the red powder put on it,
And wore me silk gown to plase Tirince McGunn.

Across my broad shoulders my Sunday mantilla,
A rose in my tresses, and vailed like a nun ;
And wid my best friend, Cath'rine Conner, the waiter,
Wint talkin' down Broadway of Tirince McGunn.

The strate was all wavin' wid colors and banners,
As if our Saint Patrick had been Washington ;
And ivery Hibernian in uniform passing,
Made lape up me heart as for Tirince McGunn.

The beautiful windows were glaring wid jewels,
The houses of marble rached up to the sun ;
I wished I was rich, the best palace to purchase,
And make it my dower to Tirince McGunn.

Oh ! wild went the music as came the procession,
The swate tunes of Erin the trumpets begun—
The dear Harp of Tara, the boys of Tipp'rary,
The Bould Soger Boy—maning Tirince McGunn.

The banners were waving, the flags they were flying,
 The rose, the gold harp, and the Shamrock upon,
 And, to the bould step of the soldiers relying,
 Me pulses marched on wid me Tirince McGunn.

Oh, happy Americy, blist be the shilter
 Thou giv'st to the exile thy bounty has won;
 The Paddy in brogans, the Scot in his kilter,
 The cot I may win wid me Tirince McGunn.

The bayonets flashed in the daylight so highly—
 Mavourneen, Saint Patrick ! thy day, always dun,
 Shines brightly this morn for poor Bridget O'Reilly,
 Who waits on the curbstone for Tirince McGunn.

He is here, O beloved, so tall and so bearded,
 The pike at his shoulder his valor has won,
 May he carry it some day forninst thim pale English
 That trample the island av Tirince McGunn.

He sees me, he spakes to me, and in my fingers
 The little green flag toward his body I run;
 And afar through my tears, as I follow him fading,
 I pray God's best blessing on Tirince McGunn.

Bad 'cess ! that again I must go to the kitchen,
 And burn out me life the red altar upon—
 Nor visit the ball and the soldiers at evenin',
 And dance the swate reel wid my Tirince McGunn.

Well, well ! I may work for a future so cheering,
 Still hoping for rest when this long life is run;
 God kape to the end, 'mid the ixiles of Erin,
 The light av my heart, precious Tirince McGunn.

[From the New York Citizen.]

IRELAND'S HOPE.

AIR—"Jessie, the Flower of Dumblane."

There's a whisper of hope wafted over the ocean,
 Our brothers at home are all up and awake,
 There's spreading through England the wildest commotion,
 Her proud reputation at last is at stake.

For years we've submitted to cruel oppression,
 With hearts nearly breaking, for, oh ! we were weak ;
 After waiting in vain for the slightest concessions,
 Bold Erin arises, 'tis thus her sons speak.

Oh, tremble, proud England, thy glories are numbered,
 No longer shall Erin be subject to thee ;
 No longer with church tithes and taxes encumbered,
 The word has been spoken, our land shall be free.
 Look upward and onward ye brave-hearted Fenians,
 For freedom and Ireland, oh ! strike with a will ;
 From nations around us win golden opinions,
 Let Erin be governed by Irishmen still.

The blessings of freedom once more shall surround her,
 Again as a nation shall Ireland be known ;
 And England shall know her no more as she found her,
 For plenty shall gather around each hearth-stone.
 Take courage then, brothers, may hope ne'er forsake you,
 Your brethren await you beyond the broad sea ;
 Oh ! trust in your God, lest misfortune o'ertake you,
 His aid be with those who desire to be free.

THE FENIAN RALLY CRY.

"Old Ireland is our country,
 And we'll free her or we'll die."

AIR—"Pat. Malloy."

Ye gallant sons of Erin's Isle,
 And sons of Irish sires,
 Who love the land of saint and song,
 And freedom's holy fires.
 Unite in noble brotherhood,
 Wherever you may be,
 And swear ne'er to forsake your cause,
 Till Ireland is free.
 The haughty lords of Albion,
 Now wider spread their coil,
 In serpent folds to tighter bind
 The sons of Erin's soil.
 But firmly stand together now,
 And swell the battle cry,
 "Old Ireland is our country,
 And we'll free her or we'll die."

The earth holds not a single clime,
 Beneath the sun's fair light,
 But has been blest by Irish hands,
 Their valor, toil, and might.
 Then let this might be brought to bear
 On Erin's hapless shore,
 And British power and British rule,
 Shall curse her soil no more.
 Remember ROBERT EMMETT's fate,
 And brave O'CONNEL's woe,
 Who told us : "*Those who would be free,
 Themselves must strike the blow.*"
 Then round the harp and shamrock swear,
 With hands and voices high,
 "Old Ireland is our country,
 And we'll free her or we'll die."



GOD SAVE THE GREEN.

God save Hibernia's green,
 Of *Irish hearts* the queen,
 Never to fade !
 Emblem of Erin's Isle,
 And springs eternal smile,
 Flag of the fairest soil
 That e'er heaven made !

 Oh ! may its honored lines,
 Freshed by her skies' holy dews,
 And patriot tears.
 Soon feel the glorious sun,
 Of freedom nobly won,
 Till Erin, *all our own*,
 In glory uprears.

 Brothers united be,
 Let strife or anarchy,
 Ne'er intervene.
 Soon we'll redeem our land,
 Among nations proudly stand,
 And shout with unfettered hand,
 "God bless the Green."

"THE FENIAN SCARE."

AIR—"The Low Backed Car."

There was a hubbub, too, 'tother day,
Across the Yankee's line,
Where John Bull's calves of Canada,
Live in his shed so fine.
'Twas said that on St. Paddy's day,
The Fenians were to rise,
And man, and child, and women run wild,
With wild and frantic cries,
As they heard of the "*Fenian Scare*,"
And they cried in wild despair,
"Every tree and stone reeks
With Yankees and Greeks,"
As they heard of the "*Fenian Scare*."

They called men, boys, and women out,
For fear of the great "*attacked*,"
And, like John Bull, they did annul
The Habeas Corpus Act.
Some took to arms, some took to legs,
Some took off their stores,
And skedaddled away
By night and by day,
As they heard of the "*Fenian Scare*,"
And each one held on to his hair,
As if the "old devil,
With pitchfork and shovel,
Was chasing them on a nightmare."

St. Paddy's day passed over,
And they found there was no fray,
They laughed and said, Pat hadn't the pluck,
To touch "bold Canada."
But let Bull's calves enjoy their joke,
And Fenian pluck deride,
We know our tune to make them laugh,
Upon the 'tother side,
When they hear of the "*Fenian Scare*,"
And they find themselves in a snare,
With never a hope
But the end of a rope,
As they start and the "*Fenian Scare*"

FOR IRELAND AND FREEDOM WE'RE MARCHING ALONG.

AIR—"Marching Along."

Come raise high the banner and shamrock of green,
While bold Fenian brothers united convene ;
Wake the harp of old Erin with heads bold and strong,
While for bold independence we're marching along.

Chorus.

Marching along, we're marching along,
To demand every right and avenge every wrong ;
Every heart on our cause—every voice in the song,
For Ireland and Freedom we're marching along.

No threats e'er can daunt us, no plots can divide,
But firmly resolved we will struggle side by side,
Till our temple of freedom we rear firm and strong,
As on to the rescue we're marching along !

Chorus—Marching along, etc., etc.

No more shall our land of high fame and renown,
Be yoked to foreign laws and a proud foreign crown.
The land heaven gave us to us shall belong,
And to win it or die we're marching along.

Chorus—Marching along, etc., etc.

'Gainst odds, force, and fraud we have struggled for years,
And a land made for joy has been a land of tears.
With our hearts' blood we'll wipe out each tear and each
wrong,
As on to the contest we're marching along.

Chorus—Marching along, we're marching along,
For bold independence we're marching along ;
Every heart in our cause, every voice in the song,
For Ireland and Freedom we're marching along,

THE FENIAN CATTLE PLAGUE VERSUS JOHN BULL.

AIR—"Rory O' More."

Och ! Johnny bellows loud in "*rampage*,"
And he hooks up the ground in a terrible rage ;
He turns right and left, and he snuffs up the air,
Like a black horse turned white with a touch of *nightmare*.
And what do you think is the cause of his fright,
That he winks and he blinks like an owl in the night ?
'Tis a new "*cattle plague*" that has struck him with awe,
Stirred up by the sons of fair "*Erin go Brah*."

He fears for his horns and his tile called a crown,
And his old cloven paws the dirt up and down ;
He fears Erin's green fields of pasture he'll lose,
And soon find his neck in a yoke or a noose.
He bellows aloud for his doctors of state,
And begs them his new cattle plague to abate ;
But there's never a doctor of physic or law,
Can avert its sure coming from "*Erin go Brah*."

Och ! this cattle plague, boys, I beg to reveal,
Though bad for the cow-ards and Bull's common *weal*
(veal),
Is fatal to all royal bulls that are born,
For 'twill give all their hollow hearts death's "*hollow horn* "
St. Patrick our doctor's great art's with us still,
With this new cattle plague he will give us the skill,
As he banished the bullfrogs we, by the same law,
Will banish the Bulls from fair "*Erin go Brah*."



THE IRISH BRIGADE.

AIR—"My Heart is in old Ireland."

'Tis amusing to hear the ould English baste spake,
How his roarin' does make all his enemies quake ;
When the truth is well known 'tis the bold Irish boys
Who do most all the fighting and make all the noise.

The armies of England are filled with our men,
 Who've beaten her foes all, again and again ;
 Wid their unshaken courage and wild roaring dash,
 There's music for them in the battle's loud crash.

For years, now, old Johnny has always yet found,
 In war time ould Ireland his recruiting ground ;
 When the fortune of battle was bound to be made,
 Her ginerals would call on the Irish Brigade.

But mind how the boys of green Erin they treat,
 Who are first in the fight and last in the retreat ;
 Whin the battle is won, an' the carnage is o'er,
 The Irish Brigade then is mentioned no more.

Take courage, me lads, let us wait yet awhile,
 Let the thought of the future our moments beguile ;
 When we strike a grand blow for our native land,
 Then England our merits will soon understand.

Then fill up your glasses all true Irishmen,
 Drink success to our efforts again and again ;
 When the yoke of oppression is once thrown aside,
 Old Ireland will stand in her glory and pride.



BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF THE SEA.

Beautiful Isle of the sea !
 Smile on the brow of the waters !
 Dear are your mem'ries unto me,
 Sweet as the songs of your daughters.
 Over your mountains and vales,
 Down by each murmuring river,
 Cheer'd by the flow'r-loving gales,
 Oh ! could I wander forever !
 Land of the true and old,
 Home ever dear unto me.
 Fountain of pleasures untold,
 Beautiful Isle of the sea !
 Fountain of pleasures untold,
 Beautiful, beautiful Isle of the sea !

Oft, on your shell-girdled shore,
 Ev'ning has found me reclining,
 Visions of youth dreaming o'er,
 Down where the light-house was shining.
 Far from the gladness you gave,
 Far from all joys worth possessing,
 Still, o'er the lone weary wave,
 Comes to the wand'rer your blessing.
 Land of the true and the old,
 Home ever dear unto me,
 Fountain of pleasures untold,
 Beautiful Isle of the sea !
 Fountain of pleasures untold,
 Beautiful, beautiful Isle of the sea !

[The Music of this Song can be obtained at Wm. A. Pond & Co.'s Music Store,
 No. 517 Broadway, New York.]



ERIN'S RIGHT VERSUS ERIN'S RULE, OR LIBERTY FOREVER !

AIR—"The Girl I left Behind me."

Rouse, Erin's sons, the hour has come,
 And shame to him who falters,
 To battle for his dear green home,
 Her fields, her rights, and altars.
 The foe's exerting every wile,
 Our hearts and cause to sever ;
 And let our cry be " Erin's Isle,
 And Liberty Forever !"

Our brothers till her fertile soil,
 But insult is our guerdon ;
 Proud England gets the fruits and spoil,
 While we must bear the burden,
 Of tax to swell their pomp and pride,
 And ev'ry just endeavor,
 To win our rights is still denied,
 So Liberty Forever !

Our blood has reddened foreign fields,
 For England's power and glory ;
 Upon the seas we've been her shield,
 In battles hot and gory.
 But now our cup of wrongs is full,
 And we our bonds will sever,
 For Irish rights and Irish *rule*,
 And Liberty Forever !

Our wives and maids, from sea to sea,
 With tears and tresses flowing,
 Implore us now to see them free,
 Their cheeks with blushes glowing.
 Our grayhaired fathers arm and out,
 And ev'ry hall and river,
 Now echo back the patriot shout,
 Of Liberty Forever !

THE BOULD FENIAN BAND.

AIR—"Kate Kearney."

Oh ! I'm sure you've heard tell of the Fenian,
 Who defies now his tyrant's dominion ;
 For his country he'd die,
 And the time's drawing nigh
 When the British will meet the bould Fenian.
 For years we have felt the aggression
 Of England, without intercession ;
 But the Bould Fenian Band
 Will rescue their land,
 An' throw off the foul yoke of oppression.
 Our numbers are daily increasing,
 The sale of our bonds is unceasing ;
 An' England does grieve,
 She scarce can believe
 All these facts, for to her they're unpleasing.
 When the *Habeas Corpus* was suspended,
 They thought the row soon would be ended ;
 But they opened their eyes,
 And stared with surprise,
 For that act their case scarcely had mended.

For after that, first came the trouble ;
 Bull's annoyances seem all to double.
 So he up an' he cries,
 " Can I credit me eyes ?
 Why I thought this thing only a bubble."

Ah ! Johnny, 'tis only begun, sir ;
 You will howl long before it is done, sir.
 When ould Ireland is free,
 Too late you will see
 That for you it was expensive fun, sir.

THE TRUE FENIAN.

AIR—" *Sprig of Shilelah.*"

Och ! fightin's the pride of a true Fenian,
 He fights for his country, does all that he can,
 For his love of good whiskey and blarney so sweet
 His heart is as tender as mutton boiled down,
 To the poor he gives comfort, but niver a frown ;
 His purse is untied when affliction draws near,
 He niver refuses a dime or a tear,
 Wid his love of good whiskey an' blarney so sweet.

He kisses his swateheart an' drinks wid his friends,
 An' wid a good fellow his last dime he spends,
 An' all for good whiskey an' blarney so sweet.
 The foes of his country he'll never forget,
 Her humble condition he'll ever regret ;
 He sighs for her sorrows an' mourns for her woes,
 An' prays for the day whin she'll bate all her foes.
 Then hey ! for good whiskey an' blarney so sweet.

Then here's to the health of the bould Fenian,
 An' that should comprise ivery true Irishman,
 Wid his love for good whiskey an' blarney so sweet.
 May the day not be distant when war trumps shall sound,
 An' ready for battle each Irishman's found ;
 The blows on the tyrant shall fall thick and fast,
 'Till Ireland has won her proud freedom at last,
 By her sons who love whiskey and blarney so sweet.

A LAY FOR ERIN.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

Hast thou forgotten, by grief overburdened,
Hast thou forgotten, Oh ! Erin, the time
 When thy free hills among,
 Echoed no words of wrong ;
When light hearts blent with the light of thy clime ?
 Fierce were thy warriors then,
 Every lone wood and glen
Rang with the clamor of war's rudest tone ;
 Proud hearts to hurl wrong back,
 Prompt ones to clear its track,
Were in those brighter days, Oh ! Erin, thine own.

Left long and lonely with grief and oppression,
And soul wasting want, thy true handmaids to-day,
 Darkness above thee,
 Around all that love thee,
Then didst thou throw spear and buckler away !
 Now with a bolder heart,
 Armed for that better part,
Chosen for thee by the wise and the brave.
 Forward ! thy march is set,
 God speed thee on it yet ;
Fear not his aid, in such conflict, to crave.

Patience, thou tried one, hard word to the weary !
Patience shall bring thee true glory at last.
 Let the proud Saxon know,
 Thou canst make rivers flow
Purer than those that whelmed hosts in the past.
 Rivers not murder-fed,
 'Till they blush darkly red ;
But such as won from their bright source above—
 Onward for age shall run,
 Till all beneath the sun,
On their banks flourish in true brother love.

THE IRISH BROTHERHOOD.

AIR—"New Policeman."

Oh ! have you heard the news of late ?
 'Tis rumored both at night an' mornin',
 About a famous Brotherhood,
 Who danger, fear, an' death are scornin'.
 They toast the girls an' treat the men,
 An' vow to be no longer minions ;
 But have old Erin free ere long—
 This band of brave, united Fenians.

Chorus—Then drink success to Erin, boys,
 She'll soon be free, it's my opinion,
 An' then the folks at home will bless
 The man who dared to be a Fenian.

We'll kick the English from the land,
 An' make them show their heels and backs, sirs
 An' if they do not make good time,
 Shilelahs on their skulls will crack, sirs.
 They'll get a taste of what they gave
 To Erin's sons for many a year, sirs ;
 Soon at the sound of freedom's tramp,
 From Ireland they'll all disappear, sirs.

Chorus—Then drink success, etc., etc.

Our country is most beautiful,
 The English know it very well, sirs
 They snatched it from us by foul means,
 Though how 'twas done no one can tell, sirs.
 But since that day a tyrant's rule
 Has crushed the people of the nation ;
 But now the hour is drawing nigh—
 The day of Bull's humiliation.

Chorus—Then drink success, etc., etc.

Then fill your glasses high, me boys,
 May God bless all true-hearted Fenians,
 The time is fast approaching, now,
 Borne on by Freedom's golden pinions.
 Then in our loved, redeemed land,
 We'll sing her past and present glory ;
 Our children shall in after years,
 Recite our deeds in song and story.

Chorus—Then drink success, etc., etc.

FAREWELL TO ERIN.

AIR—"Norah McShane."

Farewell to the dear little island that bore me,
 With breaking heart, Erin, I bid thee adieu ;
 My dreams of the future loom darkly before me,
 And doomed are thy people if visions prove true.
 But hope faintly whispers, "Be patient, and wait yet,
 The future is veiled for a purpose most wise ;
 Your land shall be free, be it ever so late yet,
 And England may slumber when Erin shall rise."

But, oh ! it is hard when I look all around me,
 And deeply I mourn for the land of my birth ;
 Oh ! Erin, the chain of a tyrant hath bound thee,
 Thy children are scattered all over the earth.
 Thy sons and fair daughters have felt the oppression
 Which England has chosen to mete unto all ;
 Her cruelty has left a lasting impression,
 Which we will remember when freed from her thrall.

I go to the land where a man is respected,
 Though he may be poor, none will deem that a shame ;
 Where a welcome awaits all whom England rejected,
 And aimed to filch from them their country and name.
 Oh ! sons of old Ireland, a future's before ye,
 Oh ! spurn thy task-master, who deems ye but slaves ;
 No longer be bondsmen, I sadly implore ye,
 'Twere better by far ye were all in your graves.

The green flag of Erin in sorrow is drooping,
 And England's foul banner now floats in its place ;
 It grieves me to see many Irishmen stooping,
 And patiently wearing the badge of disgrace.
 Oh ! cast your eyes, brothers, across the wide ocean,
 To the birth-place of freedom, the land of the brave,
 Where you may enjoy, with the sweetest emotion,
 The rest every poor, wearied spirit doth crave.

" 'Tis always a long lane which has no end to it,"
 And the wrongs of our land may reach heaven at last ;
 And England, her tyranny, some day may rue it,
 When Ireland repays her for wrongs that are past.

Oh ! hasten the day when thy valleys and mountains,
 Shall echo with shouts as in happier days ;
 When thy sons shall be free as thy streams and thy foun-
 tains,
 And their mourning be changed into anthems of praise.



THE CANADIAN SCARE.

AIR—"Teddy, the Tyler."

When Fenianism first begun,
 The British Lion thought 'twas fun—
 That when he'd growl, we all would run,
 A frightened pack of Fenians.
 But how the surly baste did stare,
 When Fenians rose up everywhere,
 All ready for to *do* and *dare*.
 The baste was frightened, I declare ;
 For we annoyed him every day,
 At home, an' thousands miles away ;
 He knew not what to do or say
 About these "blarsted Fenians."

On conquest he is always bent,
 Now we'll return the compliment.
 To rescue Erin's the intent
 Of every valiant Fenian.
 Soon as the boys began to rise,
 The baste woke up in great surprise ;
 He first began to "blarst" their eyes,
 Then vowed he'd have a sacrifice.
 He sent his soldiers everywhere,
 To Ireland, all that he could spare ;
 There never was so grand a scare,
 As he got from the Fenians.

To Canada, as you must know,
 The Fenians threatened they would go,
 To Nova Scotia, also,
 These most *audacious* Fenians.

"Oh! help us," the Canadians cried,
"Or dreadful woe will us betide ;
The Fenians may soon decide
To overrun us far and wide."
The British Lion answered then,
"I'll soon send you ten thousand men ;
So, pray, do not be frightened when
You're invaded by the Fenians."

But Johnny's soldiers never came
(His promises are always lame),
So Canada swore she'd die game,
In battling with the Fenians
So, actuated by her fears,
She sent for lots of volunteers,
Some twenty thousand, it appears,
Came rushing like a drove of steers.
They marched and drilled by day an' night,
Each fellow trembled with affright,
Quite ready all to take to flight,
At first sight of the Fenians.

But days and weeks flew on apace,
And not a foe had shown his face,
The Canadians said 'twas a disgrace
On every blarsted Fenian.
But, ah ! the good seed has been sown,
Our plans to very few are known ;
John Bull shall speedily atone,
For wrongs on us in days long gone.
But, Canada, in her great scare,
Was laughed and jeered at everywhere ;
Expensive, too, was the affair,
Caused by the "blarsted" Fenians.

RISE, FREEMEN, RISE !

Rise, freemen, rise ! the time is nigh ;
Rise, freemen, rise ! to do or die.
Gird on your swords and fearless go,
To battle with the haughty foe.

Rise, freemen, rise ! your country calls,
 And he who fighting bravely, falls,
 Shall never die, but have his name
 Inscribed upon the scroll of fame.

Rise, freemen, rise ! the foe is near,
 Hark ! on the breeze their battle cheer
 Is onward borne, stand firm and make
 That proud host to its centre shake.

They come ! they come ! grasp well each sword,
 And whet them on the savage horde ;
 Oh ! drive them back, and let them see,
 That Erin must, and will be free.



FENIAN BATTLE SONG.

To arms, ye sons of liberty !
 Hark ! hear the rattling drum,
 With hopes elate for victory,
 The foe ! they come ! they come !
 How proud their bearing as they form
 In battle's stern array ;
 Preparing for the dreadful storm
 Which soon shall cloud the day.

To arms ! ye brave, our few must strive
 To make the first attack ;
 And charging on their centre, drive
 Their advancing legions back.
 Many among that bright array,
 Will long in anguish writhe,
 And all the rest be swept away,
 Like grass before the scythe.



SONS OF ERIN.

AIR—"Scots whae hae."

Sons of Erin, now's the day,
 See the foe in stern array,

Marching proudly on their way
To crush your hope of freedom.
On to battle ! who would pause ?
Who'd desert his country's cause ?
Strike for freedom and her laws,
The noblest gift of heaven.

Onward ! linger not, for now
'Tis the time to strike the blow,
And lay the haughty despot low,
Who thus seeks to enslave you.
Onward ! as the storm in might,
Sternly in defence of right,
Press on fiercely to the fight,
And crush the foes that brave you.

Onward ! in your hour of need,
Mount the furious bounding steed ;
See your fearless champions lead,
Heroic deeds performing.
Where the fight is hottest, there
Lay your breasts and bosoms bare,
Strike with the valor of despair,
For freedom's glorious morning.



SONG OF THE EXILE.

Driven from all I love on earth,
From home and pleasure forced to flee ;
Thou lovely island of my birth,
Thy vales shall bloom no more for me.
No more for me—no more for me !
Shall thy fair plains in rapture smile ;
I've seen all that I e'er shall see,
Of thy rich beauties, lovely isle.

Sad was the hour when to thy scenes,
I bade a long and last adieu ;
And left thy lovely vales and streams,
To wander o'er the rolling blue.

The rolling blue—the rolling blue !
 Where dangers rise and breakers roar,
 From all the joys my childhood knew,
 I press this dark and lonely shore.

In tears I left the peaceful glade,
 Where flowed the fair meandering stream ;
 With grief I saw thy mountains fade,
 And watery hills rise up between.
 Rise up between—rise up between !
 The land I love, and hide from view
 Each hoary cliff and flowery scene,
 And hill-side crown'd in purple hue.

Thou loveliest island of the sea,
 Blest scene of joys which now are o'er ;
 An Exile sings a song to thee,
 Of pleasures he will know no more
 Will know no more—will know no more !
 While life and thought and being last,
 A wanderer on a foreign shore,
 With all his hours of sweetness past.

AN IRISH WAR SONG.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

AIR—“*Good-night and Joy be with you all.*”

Bright sun, before whose glorious ray
 Our Pagan fathers bent the knee,
 Whose pillar-altars yet can say,
 When time was young our sires were free—
 Who sawest our latter days' decree,
 Our matrons' tears, our patriots' gore,
 We swear before high heaven and thee,
 The Saxon holds us slaves no more !

Our *clairsach* wild, whose trembling string
 Hath long the song of sorrow spoke,
 Shall now its fierce defiance fling
 On the curse and crime of Saxon yoke ;

And by each heart its bondage broke,
 Each exile's sigh on distant shore,
 Each martyr 'neath the headsman's stroke,
 The Saxon holds us slaves no more !

Our Sunburst on the Roman foe
 Flashed vengeance once on foreign field,
 On Clontarf's plain lay scattered low
 What power the sea-kings fierce could wield ;
 Benburb can say whose cloven shield
 'Neath bloody hoofs was trampled o'er,
 And by these memories high we yield
 Our limbs to Saxon chains no more !

Send your loud war-cry o'er the main,
 Your Sunburst to the breezes spread,
 That slogan rends the heavens in twain,
 The earth reels back beneath your tread ;
 Ye Saxon despots hear and dread,
 Your march o'er patriot hearts is o'er,
 That shout hath told, that tramp hath said,
 Our country's sons are slaves no more !

[From the *Irish People*, New York.]

NEUTRALITY.

BY RICHARD OULAHAN.

By our martyred brave ! by our EMMETT's grave
 In the green isle far away !
 By the hearts of steel in the *bearna baeghail*
 Who surround our flag to-day—
 We must arm, equip, and load the ship
 In some *neutral*, God-lent cove ;
 For our soldier boys shall have shooting toys,
 By our hero saints above !

We have friends *go leor* on the Gælic shore
 Who await the cry—"Advance !"
 For our martial race holds an honored place
 In the veteran hosts of France !

And we've legions here, to assist and cheer,
 From St. John's to the "Golden Gate"—
 Then our brothers brave let us swear to save,
 Oh, God ! if we're not too late.

What a dark disgrace to the Irish race,
 When the good fight's fought and won—
 If the promised aid be an hour delayed
 From their "Banner of the Sun !"
 On the hills to-day waves that Sunburst gay,
 And the harp—without a crown—
 While a frigate's crew, aye, and strongholds too,
 Have trampled the red flag down !

In your sorest need, with a headlong speed,
 Leaped the Fenians to the front !
 And their bones remain on the bloody plains
 Where they fell in battle's brunt.
 By those exiles true we appeal to you,
 In your peerless, giant might,
 To uphold the GREEN of our ISLAND QUEEN,
 And to LEGALIZE THE FIGHT !

[From the *Irish People*, New York.]



MY NIGHT THOUGHTS.

BY (THE GERALDINE) J. E. FITZGERALD.

My heart is far away to-night across the wild blue sea,
 Upon the rugged mountain side, where drill the I. R. B.
 'Tis wandering o'er the battle-fields where patriot martyrs
 fell,
 Or keeping vigil with the brave within the prison cell.

My soul is sorrowing to-night for true hearts far away,
 Who're weary, tired, and anxious waiting for the fray,
 Who look in vain from Western cliffs, across the billows'
 foam,
 For promised aid to strike the blow for liberty and home.

Oh, God ! what curse is on our land, when hate doth always
 blight
 Her dearest and her fondest hopes, when all around seems
 bright ;
 When unity has well nigh rent the tyrant's chain in twain,
 The demon of disunion doth bind it fast again.

But cheer you up my mother land, the clouds will pass
 away
 That now obscure thy sun of hope, and sadden thee to-day ;
 All, all will yet be well, dear land, for true hearts beat for
 thee,
 Who'll crush the traitors to thy cause, whoever they may
 be.

For they have pledged themselves, dear land, their hands
 and hearts to thee,
 Their honor and their sacred word, to make thee "great
 and free ;"
 That sacred pledge, with Heaven's strong help, dear land,
 they'll yet redeem,
 Though 'twixt them and thy liberty there flows a crimson
 stream.

The time has come for action, and the day of reck'ning's nigh,
 Deep vengeance from a million graves doth cry to God on
 high ;
 Oh ! lay aside all petty feuds for God's and country's sake,
 Unite, give help to those at home the tyrant's chain to
 break.

[From the *Irish People*, New York.]

TO THE RESCUE.

B. FITZPATRICK.

We are coming, darling mother, we have heard your cry of
 pain—
 We are "coming with a vengeance" from beyond the stormy
 main ;
 For heaven at length has heard your prayer—has heard
 your tyrant's boast,
 And heaven is sending to your aid a swift avenging host !

Oh! soon you'll see us tread the soil our fathers died to
save—

Oh! soon you'll see the dear old flag in triumph o'er you
wave;

And by bright freedom's hopes we swear—by Emmett and
by Tone,

That flag shall ne'er again be furled till you've got back
your own.

We are coming, widowed mother, we have heard your an-
guished cry,

To win back once more our birthright, or in Irish graves to
lie;

Soon you'll read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows
of steel,

Soon the serpent coiled around you shall be crushed by
freedom's heel.

Oh! the famine graves of brothers—our martyrs in the
clay—

Will nerve afresh the hearts of those who've passed through
many a fray;

And give such strength to every blow to break your bonds
in twain,

That, stricken once, we will not need to strike that blow
again.

Then sound out freedom's trumpet that shall never call
retreat,

And raise the flag that, help us God, shall never know
defeat;

While throbs one heart beneath it to face the battle's brunt,

While beats one pulse to flaunt it high full in the foeman's
front.

Oh! mother dear, the stranger's fight we've fought and
dearly won,

And left on every crimson field full many a gallant son;

But now we homeward turn our eyes—your children, staunch
and true,

Are coming "with a vengeance" back, to strike a blow for
you!

NINETY-EIGHT.

Remember, men of sixty-six,
The country that has borne you ;
You'll raise aloft that green old flag,
And carry it before you.
The Union Jack, we'll push it back,
And try to imitate
Those men who said their blood they'd shed,
In glorious Ninety-eight.

Their memory, then, may it be blest—
They fought 'gainst Saxon knaves ;
They'd rather do or die than rest
While Irishmen were slaves.
Old Ireland, then, for Irishmen,
No matter what our fate ;
If we're but true we'll surely do
More than in Ninety-eight.

Think how the brave Lord Edward died,
How Emmet loved the cause ;
They gave their lives and nobly tried
To banish English laws.
Like them, our brothers now they keep
In dungeons—what a fate !
Better to fight or die like those
Brave men of Ninety-eight.

Oh ! Ireland shall I ever see
Thy freedom nobly won ?
To strike for thee, *asthore machree*,
No danger would I shun.
I'd mount the breach until I'd reach
The spot where I'd relate
Pulling down that flag, the British rag,
Like those of Ninety-eight.

Oh ! God, I think upon the past
With pleasure mixed with pain ;
How long, O Lord, is this to last,
Or shall we try again

To raise our land to take her stand
 As firm as any State?
 If 'tis but done our freedom's won—
 Remember Ninety-eight.

We hear a cry of anguish
 From our brothers as of yore;
 Shall we leave them thus to languish
 In an English prison sore?
 The cry must be, "To arms now,"
 To meet the foeman's hate;
 Our steel shall make the Saxon reel—
 Hurrah! for Ninety-eight.

[From the *Irish People*, New York.]

WHEN COMES THE DAY.

When comes the day, all hearts to weigh,
 If staunch they be, or vile,
 Shall we forget the sacred debt
 We owe our mother isle?
 My native heath is brown beneath,
 My native waters blue;
 But crimson red o'er both shall spread
 Ere I am false to you,
 Dear land—
 Ere I am false to you.

When I behold your mountains bold,
 Your noble lakes and streams—
 A mingled tide of grief and pride
 Within my bosom teems.
 I think of all, your long, dark thrall—
 Your martyrs brave and true;
 And dash apart the tears that start—
 We must not *weep* for you,
 Dear land—
 We must not weep for you.

My grandsire died his home beside,
 They seized and hanged him there ;
 His only crime, in evil time,
 Your hallowed green to wear.
 Across the main his brothers twain
 Were sent to pine and rue ;
 And still they turn'd, with hearts that burn'd,
 In hopeless love to you,
 Dear land—
 In hopeless love to you.

My boyish ear still clung to hear
 Of Erin's pride of yore,
 Ere Norman foot had dared pollute
 Her independent shore ;
 Of chiefs, long dead, who rose to head
 Some gallant patriot few,
 Till all my aim on earth became
 To strike one blow for you,
 Dear land—
 To strike one blow for you.

What path is best your rights to wrest
 Let other heads divine ;
 By work or word, with voice or sword,
 To follow them be mine.
 The breast that zeal and hatred steel,
 No terrors can subdue ;
 If death should come, that martyrdom
 Were sweet, endured for you,
 Dear land—
 Were sweet, endured for you.

[From the *Irish People*, New York.]

FLAG OF THE BRAVE.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

Flag of the brave, I see thee wave upon our walls again,
 And honored be the heart and hand that raised thy spotless
 Green ;
 The hand that placed thee proudly there would dare a
 bolder deed,
 The heart that loves its native Green in its defence would
 bleed.

Flag of our land, though scorned and banned, and seldom
seen thou art,
Thy fadeless Green is woven with life in every Irish heart;
Our fathers' blood hath nourished it, our mothers' tears have
wet,
And with our love 'twill float above a glorious nation yet.

I hate the pirate Saxon Red, it speaks of chains and graves,
It floats upon our proud old towers, and tells us that we're
slaves—
It tells us that our isle shall be the home of woe and tears,
Till in its stead on Irish walls our native Green appears.

The pitying nations look on us as helots vile and low,
Like patient beggars craving alms of our detested foe;
But by the God that gave us hands and hearts and souls of
men,
We'll beg no more, but join in love and lift our prostrate
Green.
Through evil years of gloom, and tears, oppression, crime,
and strife,
Our darling Green survived to show that Ireland still had
life;
It proudly led against the Red the clans of princely Hugh,
In Ninety-eight, 'gainst odds and fate, it still as proudly flew.

They tried all means to crush our heart, and blast our every
hope,
By famine, exile, fire and sword, the dungeon and the rope;
They bowed our spirits to the dust, and mocked us in their
spleen,
And yet they failed to quench the love we bear our native
Green.

But now, thank God, in Irish hearts the pulse of life is seen,
For the glorious hopes that feed it are immortal as her Green;
By the memories we cherish, by the swords our father's bore,
Her life shall only perish when the world shall be no more.

[From the *Irish People*, New York.]

STEP TOGETHER.

Step together—boldly tread,
Firm each foot, erect each head,
Fix'd in front be every glance—
Forward at the word advance,
Serried files that foes may dread—
Like the deer on mountain heather,
Tread light,
Left, right—
Steady, boys, and step together !

Step together, be each rank
Dressed in line, from flank to flank,
Marching so that you may halt
'Mid the onset's fierce assault,
Firm as is the rampart's bank
Raised the iron rain to weather—
Proud sight !
Left, right—
Steady, boys, and step together !

Step together—be your tramp
Quick and light—no plodding stamp
Let its cadence quick and clear
Fall, like music, on the ear ;
Noise befits not hall or camp,
Eagles soar on silent feather—
Tread light,
Left, right—
Steady, boys, and step together !

Step together—self-restrained,
Be your march of thought as trained,
Each man's single powers combined
Into one battalion'd mind,
Moving on with step sustained,
Thus prepared we reck not whether
Foes smite,
Left, right—
We can think and strike together !

[From the *Irish People*, New York.]

A GLEAM OF SUNLIGHT.

BY STEPHEN J. MEANY.

Inscribed to my friend and fellow-prisoner, Joseph Brennan.

A song of joy! Alas! dear friend,
 My joyous days are o'er;
 My heart broke when my country's broke,
 I'll sing of joy no more.

* * * *

Forgive me, but there is no room
 Within this cell for mirth.

JOSEPH BRENNAN,

IN KILMAINHAM PRISON, *February*, 1849.

Come! cast those thoughts aside, dear friend,
 We'll sing of joy to-night—
 Though present hours be all too dark,
 The future may be bright;
 Hope, like the bow of promise, still
 Bends o'er our native land;
 To save her, trust me, there's the will,
 True heart, and steady hand.

What though a prison holds us now,
 The spirit is unchained,
 And restless shall that spirit be
 Until the prize be gained;
 The prize for which we've struggled on,
 Through many a weary year,
 Shall we resign when all but won,
 And crouch in doubt and fear?

Fear! Oh, there's none amongst us, friends,
 To bend in slavish fear—
 Though pale oppression never spared,
 It never won a tear,
 And doubt! Who doubts? Not you—nor you,
 You hold no craven creed;
 Who'd seek the prize, and win it too,
 Must know no craven deed.

And sorrow! Is there room for that
 Within these prison bars?
 No, as through yonder murky clouds
 There gleams the light of stars,

So memory's starlight still sheds o'er
Our darkened souls a ray,
And joy comes with the smile it wore
In many a by-gone day.

Visions of home, and love, and truth,
Light up this prison cell—
Youth in its spring-time of life's hope,
And friends loved passing well.
And children with the bright young hair,
That clustered round the hearth,
With the shout of laughter everywhere—
Oh! yes, there's room for mirth.

The silent mirthfulness of soul,
That gushes when alone,
And lives upon itself when all
Of grosser mirth hath flown.
The thought that howsoe'er the bonds
Of Britain binds us in,
A future for the dear old land
May yet be ours to win.

The thought that we are not alone,
That some great hearts are true,
Which, when our sunny hours shall come,
Will catch their brightness too.
And while our hour of sorrow lasts,
Are darkened with our woe,
True hearts that love us, and will love,
While life exists below.

Then sing no more of sorrow, friend,
Hope beckons from above—
Within this cell there's room for mirth,
As well as room for love.
For freedom, like the sunbeam, yet
Shall struggle through its shroud;
And *our* sun may have a glorious set,
Though early veiled in cloud.

[From the *Irish People*, New York.]

THE BOYS IN THE FIELD.

BY RICHARD OULAHAN.

AIR—"O'Donnell Aboo."

Hark ! to the soul-thrilling voice of our Island,
 "The patriot army is ready to smite !"
 Shout it back, brothers, to your land and my land,
 "We'll give all you ask, by St. Bride's holy light !"
 Two hundred thousand braves
 Swear they're no longer slaves,
 Scared by the glimmer of bay'net or shield—
 God of our motherland,
 Wither the tyrant's hand,
 Threatening poised o'er the Boys in the Field !

Ireland has faith in her exiles unnumbered,
 Whose blue veins attest the proud blood of the *Gael* ;
 Maddened by wrong, while the *Sacsanach* slumbered,
 Her manhood has marshalled its strength in detail—
 Come to the rescue, then,
 Fenians and countrymen ;
 Soldiers, not beggars, at last have appealed !
 Promptly and proudly stand
 By that devoted band,
 Erin's redeemers, the Boys in the Field !

Think of our glorious cause now imperilled,
 A comet, 'mongst stars, or a curse on the map ;
 Think of the martyrs, TONE, EMMET, FITZGERALD,
 Whose spirits are blessing the "Men in the Gap."
 Though she should never pay,
 Help her while yet you may,
 Cain's curse will brand us if STEPHENS must yield ;
 Rich in resources yet,
 Ireland adopts the debt
 Due by her guardians, the Boys in the Field !

Brothers ! the ball of revolt's now in motion,
 Gathering the force of an avalanche hurled—
 Allies await with fraternal devotion
 The wild *Fag an Bealach* with Green Flag unfurled !
 Hailed by a nation's cheers,
 God speed the Privateers,

Freighted with hearts in the red battle steeled !

Heaven ! what joy to know

We helped to overthrow

Sacsanach rule, with the Boys in the Field !

[From the *Irish People*, New York.]

EMMET'S TOMB.

BY O'MORE.

"Pray tell me," I said to an old man who strayed,
 Drooping over the graves which his own hand had made,
 "Pray tell me the name of the tenant that sleeps
 'Neath yonder lone shade where the sad willow weeps ?
 Every stone is engraved with the name of the dead,
 But yon black slab declares not whose spirit is fled."

In silence he bowed, and then beckoned me nigh,
 Till we stood o'er the grave—then he said, with a sigh,
 "Yes, they DARE not to trace e'en a word on this stone
 To the memory of him who sleeps coldly and lone :
 He told them, commanded, the lines o'er HIS grave
 Should never be traced by the hand of a slave !

"He bade them to shade e'en his name in the gloom
 Till the morning of freedom should shine on his tomb.
 'When the flag of MY country at liberty flies,
 Then, let MY name and MY monument rise !'
 You see they obey'd him—'tis twenty-eight years,
 And they *still* come to moisten his grave with their tears.

"He was young, like yourself, and aspired to o'erthrow
 The tyrants who filled his loved island with woe ;
 They crushed him—this earth was too base, too confined,
 Too gross for the range of HIS luminous mind."
 The old man then paused and went slowly away,
 And I felt, as he left me, an impulse to pray :

"Grant Heaven ! I may see, ere my own days are done,
 A monument rise o'er my country's lost son !
 And oh ! proudest task, be it *mine* to indite
 That long-delayed tribute a freeman must write ;
 Till then shall its theme in *my* heart deeply dwell,
 So, peace to thy slumbers ! dear shade, fare thee well !"

[From the *Irish People*, New York.]

THE SUNBURST.

Written for the Georgetown Circle, D. C., on the Presentation of a Flag.

BY DR. L. REYNOLDS, 63RD REGIMENT, N. Y. V., IRISH
BRIGADE.

Dedicated to Col. J. O'Mahony, H. C.

The glorious Sunburst we raise high,
The Fenian ranks above ;
And swear beneath its folds to die,
Or free the land we love !
Too long that land has night o'ercast,
Too long tears were shed in vain :
"The Sunburst" rises bright at last,
'Twill never set again.

Chorus—Hurrah ! for the glorious Sunburst,
Green Erin's flag of yore !
When she was of lands the first,
As she shall be once more.

"The Sunburst !" Erin drinks the beams,
And robed a queen by morn :
Her throne is raised o'er warbling streams,
Her sceptre, flowers adorn.
From opening heaven glad Freedom smiles,
Pours plenty o'er the plain ;
And Erin is the Queen of Isles,
For she is free again !

Chorus—Hurrah ! for the, etc., etc.

"The Sunburst !"—it is rising still,
While perfumes load the gale !
Trees wave in welcome from each hill,
And shouts swell from each vale.
What sound is echoing o'er the plain ?
'Tis the crushing of the crusted chain
Beneath the hero's sword !

Chorus—Hurrah ! for the, etc., etc.

"The Sunburst !"—wave it o'er the throne,
Where Erin sits sublime,
Protected by her sons alone,
And blessing every clime.

Her gallant warriors now no more
 To other countries roam,
 For freedom, gladdening her green shore,
 Earth's Eden is their home.

Chorus—Hurrah ! for the, etc., etc.

[From the *Irish People*, New York.]

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight ?
 Who blushes at the name ?
 When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
 Who hangs his face for shame ?
 He's all a knave, or half a slave,
 Who slights his country thus ;
 But a *true* man, like you, man,
 Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
 The faithful and the few—
 Some lie far off beyond the wave—
 Some sleep in Ireland, too ;
 All—all are gone—but still lives on
 The fame of those who died—
 All true men, like you, men,
 Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
 Their weary hearts have laid,
 And by the stranger's heedless hands
 Their lonely graves were made ;
 But, though their clay be far away
 Beyond the Atlantic foam—
 In true men, like you, men,
 Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth,
 Among their own they rest ;
 And the same land that gave them birth
 Has caught them to her breast ;

And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start,
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land ;
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand.
Alas ! that Might can vanquish Right—
They fell and pass'd away ;
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory—may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite.
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
Though sad as theirs your fate ;
And true men be you, men,
Like those of Ninety-Eight.

MY NATIVE LAND.

Dedicated to my friend, Captain Tobin.

BY THE GERALDINE (J. E. FITZGERALD).

My native land is living still,
Tho' slumbering she lies,
But freedom's trumpet, sounding shrill,
Will bid her soon arise.

Yes, rise with all her strength and might,
As long ago she rose,
And strike one blow for God and right,
Against her Saxon foes.

For she has Fenian boys, I ween,
As loving and as true
As ever stood beneath her green,
Or smote her tyrant crew.

And they have sworn by heaven's high hand,
By all the patriot brave,
To break the chain from motherland,
And raise her from the grave.

Oh ! Irishmen, where'er you be,
Swell, swell the Fenian band,
And by great God you'll live to see
A happy Irish land.

[From the *Irish People*, New York]

A SISTER'S PRAYER.

I cannot fight for my country,
Nor have I thousands to give ;
But this I will do for my country,
Pray for it as long as I live.

If my prayer is favor'd in heaven,
And the Great One sends down the decree,
That Ireland shall burst from her fetters,
And her sons and her daughters be free.

Then I'll wreathe the old harp with fresh flowers,
Bespangle the green banner with gold,
And the Sunburst will shine o'er the island—
That beautiful emblem of old.

And heroes emerge from their prison,
Martial music resounds to their tread,
And enter republican Erin
With a laurel wreath crown on each head.

And traitors shall go with the serpents,
Perjurers die with their brand ;
And England—we'll laugh her to scorn
If she dares to pollute our blest land.

[From the *Irish People*, New York.]

THE RAISING OF OUR BANNER.

BY EVERGREEN.

“ Hang out our banner on the outward walls,”
 Let its folds wave freely in the rushing air ;
 Haul it up quickly, and as sunlight falls
 Upon it, brightening its golden glare,
 Send up to Heaven a beseechful pray’r
 That HE, the God of Justice and of Right,
 Would make ye victors in the coming fight.

Hang out our banner, and as ev’ry fold
 Meets the glad breeze and coyly floats away,
 Make deep, determinate resolve, and bold,
 To never cease your labors, come what may,
 Until it over every mount and bay
 Within your native land floats proud and free,
 And joy bells ring a NATION’s jubilee.

Hang out our banner ! Now we mean from all
 Ierne’s parts, from mountain and from wood,
 From sunny Cork to dreary Donegal,
 Come forth and pledge yourselves in brotherhood
 To labor for her weal—her people’s good !
 Dash down all barriers of clan and creed,
 March forward ! strike ! the brave alone are freed.

[From the *Irish People*, New York.]

OUR FATHERLAND.

BY RICHARD SLATTERY.

By all that makes man like to God—his honor and his
 truth ;
 By all that’s held most sacred in the throbbing heart of
 youth ;
 By all those holy impulses that in great bosoms stir ;
 Till death shall wither up my heart, I will be true to her.

I'll treasure up the memory of all I've heard and seen
Of what she is, and what she was, and what she might have
 been,
Till day and night before my view her martyrs' blood shall
 rise,
And ring forever in mine eyes her famished orphans' cries.

Oh, preachers of forgiveness ! can ye forget the day,
When gory at the scaffold's foot young Emmet's body lay ;
When murder, like a blast from hell, swept o'er our bleed-
 ing land—
And kneel before the murderer, and kiss his reeking hand ?

And would you have us, too, forget the deeds of Cromwell's
 breed,
And preach desertion from our ranks in Ireland's sorest
 need ?
Oh, no ! by heaven ! the hour has come—our banner is un-
 furl'd—
A warning to the despots and oppressors of the world.

We've borne too long and patiently the robber's hated
 sway,
But now, thank heaven, at length has come the glorious
 trysting day ;
And let the despot shake with fear upon his guilty throne,
For we have sworn that he shall reap the seed that he has
 sown.

Petitions are for cravens, and tears may answer slaves,
But men, with hearts and souls of men, shrink not from
 soldiers' graves ;
The sword, the sword alone, can crush the tyrant minions
 down,
So let our cannon thunder forth petitions to the *Crown*.

[From the *Irish People*, New York.]



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